

Exposed

by RAMSPEL

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Summary: When a meta-human attacks Cat Grant, Kara is forced to reveal her identity in order to protect her boss.

## 1. Chapter 1

Author's Notes: So for a few weeks I've been toying with the idea of writing a story where Kara is forced to reveal herself in order to save Cat's life. And since Cat didn't learn the truth in the Flash crossover like I thought she would (although I have my suspicions that she might have figured it out again), I decided to write this fanfiction. This is not a SuperCat story, but will instead focus on the mentor/protégé relationship between the two women. I left the timing on when this story takes place kind of vague, but it takes place sometime after Alex and Hank have gone on the run. And once again, I don't own Supergirl.\_

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><p>It was nearly two in the morning and Cat Grant was still hard at work at Catco. Media was a business that was rarely compatible with normal hours. When news broke a good reporter had to jump on it no matter the time of day.</p>

Tonight it had been the Driving While Intoxicated and underage drinking arrest of Beth Newport, the eighteen-year-old daughter of city councilwoman Leslie Newport, who until tonight had been the current mayor's only real challenger in the upcoming election. Of course, once word got out about her daughter's arrest the councilwoman would most likely drop out of the race to spend more time with her family.

Cat suspected that the mayor's office had been responsible for leaking the story to the press. You've got to love election years, Cat thought sarcastically, where even the local city races bring out the worst in people. But she shouldn't complain; nothing boosted

news ratings more than a scandal.

"I've finished going over the article for you, Ms. Grant." Cat's assistant, Kara, said when she walked into the room.

Cat had assigned her top political reporter to cover the arrest and he had just emailed his article half an hour ago, pending Cat's approval the story would be the featured story tomorrow morning. And although Cat Grant was fully capable of editing a story herself, she had called her assistant in for an extra set of eyes.

"I couldn't find any mistakes in Chris's article, except for a couple of typos and one inaccuracy about Beth Newport having a 4.0 GPA."

Cat raised her eyebrows. "Oh? Leslie always brags that the girl is a straight-A student?"

"She is, but I looked back at a Newport family interview from a couple of months ago and four of those classes are college credit making her GPA actually 4.66."

"A minor detail, but still a good catch. Email Chris the corrections and then you can call it a night."

Kara didn't leave, but hung around waiting for her boss to look up at her. Cat knew Kara well enough by now to know she wanted to say something and was trying to work up the courage to voice whatever was on her mind.

"Are you planning on spending the rest of the night there because I'm still expecting my morning latte? So, why don't you save us both some time and just say whatever is on your mind."

"Did you know Beth Newport has a scholarship to Stanford this fall?"

"Yes, I heard about that." Cat replied, knowing the point Kara was making.

"But that is probably going to change once the administration office finds out about her arrest."

"That sounds like a reasonable assumption." Cat said matter-of-factly.

"And that doesn't bother you?"

"If you are asking if I have any pity on a girl who has just ruined her future, my answer is yes, but whether or not I feel bad for her, really doesn't matter. She made a stupid and dangerous choice and now she has to face the consequences of her actions. If anything she's lucky she just was arrested and didn't manage to kill herself or someone else."

"I know and I'm not trying to excuse her actions or say she shouldn't face the legal repercussions of those choices, but she had a spotless record until now. And no one would even care about her arrest if her mother wasn't running for mayor. And now this is going to follow her for the rest of her life. Ten years from now when she goes to apply

for a job all it's going to take is a quick Google search for a future employer to see her mug shot."

"Yes, yes, it's not fair that she's in the spotlight because her mother is running for office, but that's life. This is the world we live in now. Unfortunately privacy is a luxury that some people just can't have anymore. You think I don't know how stressful being in the spotlight can be?"

The story of Beth Newport's arrest is going to be front-page news, whether I post it or someone else. Now is that's all or is that all or do I need to email your notes to Chris myself?"

"No, Ms. Grant." Kara said, retreating from the room, but not before giving Cat one more sad puppy dog look.

Cat immediately started to feel guilty. She hadn't meant to be so harsh to her assistant, but it was late and she was tired and she just wanted to get finished so she could go home. She spent the next half hour trying not to think about Kara's words and what the future held for Beth Newport and instead focused on making sure the story was just right. Once she was satisfied she that it was, she gathered her things and began to head out knowing she had to be back for a morning meeting in a few hours. To her surprise, Kara was still working at her desk.

"Kiera, while I normally commend my employees for going the extra mile, you will be utterly useless to me tomorrow if you are falling asleep at your desk. Go home and get some sleep."

"I will Ms. Grant. I just have a few things I want to finish up first."

"I'm sorry, did you think that was a suggestion? Well, let me make myself clear. I'm ordering you to stop what you are doing and leave. Now come on. My driver can give you a ride back to your apartment."

"That is very generous Ms. Grant, but I don't need a ride."

"Don't be absurd. I don't pay you enough for you to waste money on a cab."

"I wasn't going to take a cab."

"Then how do you plan to get home? You don't own a car and you won't find a bus at this time of night. And I would hope someone I employ would have more sense than walk home alone at this time of night."

"I'm sure I'll be fine" Kara said, smiling like Cat was missing out on some sort inside joke.

Cat narrowed her eyes. "How?"

Seeing her boss' glare the smile disappeared from Kara's face. "I uh...I have pepper spray." Kara muttered, trying to phrase her response as a joke, but Cat was not amused. She continued to glare at her assistant until the other woman became too uncomfortable and averted her eyes, pretending to suddenly interested in the papers on

her desk.

"You know I'm tempted to let you walk just to let you learn a lesson in the dangers of naivety, but since there will be no one to answer the phones tomorrow if you get yourself mugged and killed, I'm going to insist that you come with me."

"Thank you for your concern, I guess." Kara said and gather up her things.

Cat had Kara accompany her in her private elevator. On the way down, she phoned her driver to let him know they were on the way out and pick them up at the entrance, but the phone went straight to voicemail.

"There better be a good reason why he is not answering or he is fired." Cat muttered.

"Maybe his battery died or he's on another call." Kara offered.

"When I say a good reason I don't mean he better be dead or dying, not some lame excuse. I don't pay him to talk on the phone and when he's on the clock I expect him to make sure his phone is charged."

Kara did not try to say anything else and they rode down the rest of the way in silence. When they reached the lobby, they headed out to the street to where Cat's car was parked halfway down the block. Once she was close enough to the car she could see Sam's head leaning against the windshield.

"He's asleep!" Cat was outraged.

"I'm not sure." Kara took off her glasses and squinted at the man. After a second she suddenly order, "Ms. Grant, stay close to me!"

If Cat had not been so furious at Sam, she would have immediately turned to Kara and reminded her that she did not take orders from her assistant. She also would have picked up on the urgency in the young woman's voice, but as it was, she was mentally preparing a termination speech for Sam and simply ignored her assistant.

Cat jerked the car door open, hoping to jolt the driver from his slumber, but instead Sam toppled out of the vehicle and landed at Cat's feet.

Cat gasped when she caught sight of his face. His eyes were open, but lifeless, forever frozen in that expression.

"His neck's broken." Kara said. "We need to get back in the building; whoever did this could stillâ€" "

Before Kara could finish her sentence, she suddenly went flying backward for about twenty feet until she came to an abrupt stop as she collided with the concrete side of a building. The girl hit with such force it caused large cracks to splinter up the wall. Her limp body then fell three stories onto a parked car, leaving a large dent in the top and shattering the windshield.

"Kiera!" Cat cried as she stared at still, lifeless form of her assistant.

"She seemed nice." A voice said from the shadows. "Too bad she made the unfortunate choice work for you.

The voice was somewhat familiar, but Cat could not place it. Nor was she interested in trying. The second she heard the voice the adrenaline that had been surging through her ever since they'd found Sam's body was now forcing one clear message through every cell in Cat's body, run. But when Cat tried her best to obey that instinct, she found her feet could not move. It was like she was buried up to her knees in cement.

"It's like watching a mouse stuck in a glue trap." Came the voice again, but now it was making its way out of the shadows until it formed the silhouette of a man. The silhouette walked over to Cat until it stopped under a streetlight illuminating the man it belonged to. "Except, I might feel just the slightest bit of pity for the mouse."

The man, like the voice, was vaguely familiar and gave Cat the sense that he was someone she'd had known a long time ago, but still she couldn't remember who he was.

"Who are you?" She demanded.

"What's the problem, you've ruined so many lives, you can't keep them all straight?"

"More like I've been accused of ruining so many lives, I can't keep them all straight." Even in her terror Cat managed this small sliver of defiance. Besides, she knew with the casualness in the way the man had disposed Sam and Kara, both of whom had not even been his target, that there was nothing she could do to get him to spare her. "But I would have remembered someone who can do whatever you're doing."

"The telekinesis is relatively new development, the product of years of hard work. Work that you nearly put an end to with one article."

"Mitch Masters." Cat said aloud when her brain finally made the connection to who this man was, but the man before her, barely resembled the one she remembered. No doubt he must have had extensive plastic surgery.

Ten years ago Mitch Masters had been one of Maxwell Lord's top competitors. Except Masters had an even bigger ego and less than half of Lord's charisma.

Then Cat had published an article exposing Master's unethical and illegal medical research. That article turned into the first domino that was soon followed numerous lawsuits, a federal investigation, and finally a warrant for Masters arrest. But Masters had been tipped off about the arrest and had fled the country before he could be taken into custody. While she'd been investigating him, Cat had heard rumors that Masters had been looking for a way to give humans superpowers by combining their DNA with that of extraterrestrials, but at the time she had dismissed those rumors as crazy conspiracy

theories.

Masters smiled at seeing Cat finally recognize him. He lifted his hand and parked car beside him simultaneously flew into the air. Master held the car suspended just long enough for Cat to grasp what he intended to do with it. Then once he saw the terror cloud her features, he flung the car straight at her.

Cat screamed and did her best to shield herself from the two ton projectile. But before the car could reach her a figure dressed in blue and red flew between her and the vehicle, catching the car in midair.

Cat stared at Supergirl for a moment, then to confirm what she already suspected would be the case, she turned to place where Kara had landed. Sure enough, there was no body, only a discarded sweater and some dress pants. Supergirl followed Cat's eyes, figuring out the connection the other woman had made. Suddenly she no longer looked like a superhero, but instead like a small child that had been caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

Cat glared at her frighten assistant, the fear of Masters taking a back seat to this revelation, and declared. "So I was right all along."

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><p><em>Thanks for reading. I hope to have the next chapter up within the next couple of days.<em>

## 2. Chapter 2

Author's Note: Thank you to everyone who has favored, followed, and reviewed this story. This chapter will be the climax of the story, at least in terms of action, while the next and final one will focus on the emotional impact of the truth coming out. I don't have much experience writing action and fight scenes, but hopefully I've managed to write something worth reading. I'll let you be the judge.\_

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><p><em>Crap, crap, crap.<em> The same word kept repeating in Kara's mind. It was the best way she knew how to sum up the situation. Cat Grant knew the truth about her. Kara knew there hadn't been any way to avoid it, she couldn't just let her boss die. And once the man with telekinesis had thrown her against that wall she lost any legitimate claim to being human, because how could a human survive a blow like that.

Still, she had changed into her suit anyways. With her super-speed it had only taken seconds, not long enough to prevent her from coming to Cat's rescue. Kara had hoped her boss would be so preoccupied with Masters, she could delay explaining how she'd survived slamming into a building and a car. But Kara was not so lucky.

"Ms. Grantâ€|" She trailed off not knowing how to finish that sentence.

I can explain, she wanted to say, but there was no explanation that would satisfy her boss. She had lied about being Supergirl and now there was no denying it.

She was saved from having to finish that her sentence, by Masters.

"Your assistant is Supergirl?"

Crap. Why did I even bother changing?

Masters did not sound worried that the hero had shown up. In fact, he sounded amused by the turn of events.

"No wonder she keeps saving your life. She's on your payroll. That also explains why she threw you off a balcony. I'm sure she's not the first employee who's wanted to do that." Turning to Kara for the first time he said. "Too bad you decided to catch her."

Kara responded by throwing the car about fifteen feet from him, just to remind the man of whom he was dealing with.

"I don't want to fight you, but I'm not going to let you hurt Ms. Grant or anyone else. Now I'm guessing you did not expect to find me here tonight and I hope this gives you cause to reconsider."

"Honestly Kiera." Cat said from behind her using her usual dismissive tone. "Has that speech ever worked? Has anyone ever backed down just because you asked them nicely?"

While keeping her eyes on Masters, Kara replied through gritted teeth. "Do you think maybe you can hold your criticism until later? I'm trying to save your life, here."

No, she did not expect Masters to back down, but she had to try. He was a human (as far as she could tell) and even if he was a killer, she still didn't want to hurt him if she didn't have to. Plus, from what she had seen so far, he was way more powerful than any telekinetic that she had ever seen and she wasn't too eager to face him, especially without backup and while having to protect Ms. Grant at the same time.

"You really think I'm that surprised that you showed up?" Master asked. "You always seem to come to Cat's rescue. And killing her alien guard dog will just be an added bonus."

Kara used her super-speed and flew at Masters, but before she could reach him. He held up a hand and it felt like she slammed into a brick wall, except a brick wall wouldn't actually hurt her. The force Masters hit her with knocked her to the ground and sent pain rippling through her, but after a second she recovered and aimed her heat vision against him.

Again Masters used his telekinesis, and created some sort of energy shield around himself deflect the heat beams. But Kara could see the strain it had taken to deflect the energy and knew she had to take advantage.

Using her super-speed she was by his side in a second and punched him

in the face. The punch dazed the man, but he must have been using his powers to shield himself, because even though Kara was holding back her full strength because she didn't kill Masters or cause any real damage, he still should have been knocked out from the impact. Her second punch was hard enough to make him slide across the ground.

Kara's eyes started to glow as she prepared for another heat vision attack, but Masters recovered and sent her flying through the air. This time she managed to gain control before she collided with anything and soared back towards Masters. He waved his hand in a downward arc and Kara slammed into the ground. She tried to get to her feet, but Masters threw a car on top of her, which she easily threw off, but while she was occupied with that, Master slammed her against a wall and before she could recover, he knocked her into the pavement.

How do I fight someone when I can see his attacks coming? She thought as he sent her flying through the air again. The Kryptonian was strong enough to break free of his mental grip, but every time she did an invisible blow would hit her from a different direction. Alex and Hank had trained her for all sorts of scenarios, but not this. If they were here they'd tell her to retreat, that she was outmatched and they'd order her not to get herself killed taking on Masters alone.

But she could run from this fight. Kara couldn't leave Ms. Grant and she couldn't risk trying to fly off with her. If Masters slammed her against something while she was holding Cat, the other woman would surely be killed. At least this way she was keeping him occupied and delaying him from hurting anyone else.

Since she couldn't escape, she needed a different strategy, maybe there was a way to turn Masters' tactics against him. Then getting an idea, she broke free of Masters' grip and instead of flying towards him she flew straight up. After she had flown a few miles up, she felt she had picked up enough momentum, and changed directions back toward two people below.

With her super-speed Kara was already on her downward descent before Masters and Cat had a chance to even register that she was leaving. She saw the glee in Masters' eyes, thinking he'd won, and the look of horror and betrayal on Cat's face thinking she'd been abandoned. Then Supergirl saw them start to turn in slow motion as they saw a red and blue streak rushing from the sky.

Masters braced himself for the attack, but Kara was moving way too fast for him to knock out of the sky. She crashed into him just as she surpassed the sound barrier, creating a shockwave that shattered all the surrounding glass and threw her back into the a building.

For a moment Kara was too stunned to move, she lay there listening. In addition to Cat's scared, rapid heartbeat, she heard Masters' slow steady heartbeat. He sounded unconscious, but she needed to be certain.

She flew over to him and scanned him with her x-ray vision, seeing if he suffered any life threatening damage. As she did she suddenly felt some kind of pressure tighten around her neck cutting off her air

supply. She fell to the ground and her hands instinctively went to her throat, but there was nothing there. Masters was strangling her with pure mental energy which she couldn't punch or overpower and the man who controlled that energy was too far away.

Kara forced herself to her knees and prepared to use her heat vision, but the pressure around her neck already had her too weakened. She could do little more than make her eyes glow for a brief second.

"Kara!" Maybe it was just the oxygen deprivation, but it actually sounded like Cat Grant had called her by the right name and even pronounced it correctly. Great, now she finally learns my name. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her boss running towards them.

Apparently Cat had been freed from Masters' telekinetic hold when Kara had crashed into him at sonic speed.

Good. Maybe she can escape while Masters is busy with me.

She turned to her boss and tried to tell her to run, but when tried she found she couldn't talk.

Cat was by her side shortly and Kara tried to tell her with her eyes to get away, that Masters was too powerful and once he killed Supergirl, there be no one to stop him from killing his actual target.

Instead, Cat slowly approached Masters.

"Oh Mitch, I see even with all these powers and all this time you still have not changed. You're still blaming others for your shortcoming."

Masters still held the pressure on Kara's throat, but his eyes shifted slightly to Cat.

"What is your plan after you kill us? Are you going to hunt down your old kindergarten teacher because she didn't give you enough gold stars?"

Kara knew what her boss was trying to do. Cat hoped to distract Masters long enough to make him take his focus off of strangling Kara. But it was not working and Cat was wasting her one chance to escape.

Please just get out of here! Kara mentally pleaded, hoping Cat would somehow guess what she was thinking, like she so often did at work. Think of your sons! You have to live for them!

"Oh, I have an idea." Cat said, her voice was casual like she was talking to an employee, instead of a telekinetic madman. "After this you can kill Max Lord, that way he can stop beating you out for grants and awards."

Kara knew nothing about Masters or what he had to do with Max Lord, but Cat's words apparently struck a nerve. He jerked his head and glared at her. He raised his hand preparing to strike, but when he did Kara felt the pressure on her throat loosen slightly. It was just

enough for her to gain a few small desperate breaths, but it was all she needed. That little bit of oxygen gave her just enough strength to use her heat vision and strike Masters before he could kill Cat.

Once he was down the remaining pressure on Kara's neck ceased. She dropped to the ground from exhaustion and panted. After she took several quick breaths, she felt her strength returning and got to her feet. Then, she walked over to Cat who was staring at an unconscious Masters.

"Is he dead?" The boss asked. The brazen tone she used to distract Masters was gone and replaced by a weary voice.

"No, just unconscious. But he won't be getting up anytime soon." Kara had no doubt this time that Masters' heart was beating at the speed of a man who'd been knocked out.

"Are you alright?" Kara could see her boss' adrenaline was starting to wear off and the gravity of the situation was beginning to hit her.

"Me?" Cat asked incredulously. "I'm not the one he almost strangled and tossed around like a ragdoll."

"Oh me, I'm fine, super-healing and all." Kara said nonchalantly, trying to downplay how much danger she'd actually been in. Then in a more serious voice she added. "Thank you for what you did though. If you hadn't distracted him!"

Cat shrugged. "You saved my life so many times, I couldn't just leave you. And Masters has already killed one of my employees. I didn't want to lose another one, even if that employee has been lying to me for months."

Kara averted her eyes from her boss' gaze and focused on her hands. After taking a moment to gather her thoughts, she sighed and looked back at her.

"Ms. Grant. Iâ€"" Then she was distracted by her super-hearing. "I have to go."

"What?"

"The police are on their way." She explained, knowing Cat couldn't hear the distant sirens coming towards them. "I have to get Masters out of here before they arrived. They're not equipped to deal with someone like him. If I let them take him, he'll just hurt more people when he wakes up."

"And what are you go to do with him?"

"I know of a place that can handle someone like him."

And the DEO could shed light on how he became telekinetic. They already had enough aliens to deal with. The last thing they needed was to have to fight humans with superpowers too.

"Well, Kiera you're just full of surprises tonight."

"Ms. Grantâ€" "

"Don't you have to be leaving." Cat interrupted. "I'm guessing you would rather not give the police your story of what happened here tonight."

"What are you going to tell them?"

"The truth, that Masters killed Sam and attacked me, and that Supergirl showed up and defeated him."

"Thank you." Kara said. She gathered up her work clothes with one hand and Masters with the other and prepared to fly off, when Cat got her attention.

"Oh, and Kiera."

The superhero turned back to her boss.

"Don't think we are finished with our conversation. After you are done taking Master to Area 51 or wherever it is they stick people like him, I expect you to come find me. Got it?"

"Yes Ms. Grant." Kara muttered. Then she launched herself into the sky.

### 3. Chapter 3

Author's Notes: Thanks again to everyone who favored, followed, and reviewed this story. I have had a lot of fun writing itâ€"as well as a lot of moments where I thought I was going to lose my mind when I couldn't find the right words. And seeing others have enjoyed reading it, makes me feel blessed that I was able to share it with you. I hope you like this chapter too.\_

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><p>Dealing with police had taken a lot longer than Cat expected and by the time she was done answering all their questions and going over every detail about what happened (minus the part about her assistant being there and the fact that the young woman was Supergirl), she was utterly exhausted. Still, she did not go home and collapse into bed like her tired body was begging her to do. Instead, she had gone to her balcony at Catco, poured herself a drink, and sent Kara a text telling her where she was and ordering her to come 'ASAP'. That was over an hour ago and still the assistant had not shown-up.</p>

While she was waiting she had time think over everything that happened that night. She kept seeing Sam's body lying at her feet. Her words about being dead was the only excuse she'd accept for not answer the phone kept running through her mind. Sam had not been Masters' target; he'd simply been at the wrong place at the wrong time because of her.

Cat wondered about Sam's family. The man had worked for her for nearly three years, but Cat hardly knew anything about him besides, he a wife and two step-kids. The only reason she even knew that much was because the man had taken off last year to get married and go on a honeymoon. Later that day Cat would call them and express her

condolences. She would also make sure they were taken care of financially. Sam had been killed because of her, the least she could do was make sure his family was not hurt from the loss of his income.

The night could have been much worse, she kept reminding herself. If Kara had not turned out to be the Girl of Steel, the police would have been notifying two families this morning. No three, she realized, because if Kara had not been Supergirl, then Cat would be dead too.

While she was mulling over all of this, Kara finally flew in wearing her Supergirl suit.

"You know, for someone who has super-speed, you sure took your time about getting here."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Grant. I was held up."

Hearing the girl make excuses reminded Cat that underneath that ridiculous costume and all those super powers was the same assistant she'd been tolerating for two years. It had been so easy to focus on the superhero identity, she totally overlooked the girl underneath. But Cat had always prided herself on being more perceptive than most. It was why she had become a journalist; she wanted to call attention to things that other people overlooked. And yet she had been fooled by a pair of glasses and a different hairstyle. How did I ever have any doubts about who should is? Sure, she had figured out the truth once already, and over the past few months she had come back to her suspicions about Kara, but that did little to restore her pride. After all, she was supposed to be the Queen of all Media and she hadn't even noticed she had an alien working for her for two years.

"Yes, I all know all about the apartment fire and I also know you had that resolved two hours ago." Cat said dismissively. Kara was going to answer for her deception, even if the alien had saved her life multiple times.

"Did you hear about the woman who died in the fire?" Kara asked softly.

This caught Cat off guard. The live footage had only shown Supergirl getting everybody out and flying a few people to the hospital, but there hadn't been any mention of a fatality.

"Her name was Helen Wells. I got her out and took her to the hospital, but I was too late. She had already inhaled too much smoke."

"I'm sorry." Cat said. Her desire to chastise the young woman faded with that bit of news. She could see the guilt Kara was carrying because of this loss, even though she had no doubt that Supergirl had done everything in her power to save that woman. Sometimes tragedy was just unpreventable, even for a superhero.

"She was a widow with a six-year-old daughter, Melanie. Melanie seemed more comfortable with me than the police, so I stayed with her until her grandparents arrived."

"That was very noble of you."

"Not really, I just wanted to do anything I could to help her through this. I know what it feels like to lose your parents."

And with those words, Cat lost all her verbal ammunition because even if she was still angry, she did have the heart to yell at Kara now. If she hadn't known the young woman better, she might have suspected that Kara had intentionally been trying to elicit sympathy and manipulate her boss into forgiving her, but Cat knew Kara's mind didn't work that way. The girl was completely genuine, which come to think of it, should have been Cat's first clue that she was from a different planet.

Cat let an awkward silence settle between them, not just because Kara had literally rendered her speechless, but years of experience interviewing people had taught her that silence could often be much more effective towards getting someone to open up than questions ever could. Sure enough, after a minute Kara became uncomfortable and started to apologize.

"Ms. Grant I know you're mad at me, and I don't blame you after the way I deceived you, but pleaseâ€œ"

"Kara, save it." Cat cut her off, using the woman's actual name for a change just to fluster her.

Two years ago, she had accidentally mispronounced Kara's name when they'd first met, later when she learned of her mistake, she'd been amused that the young woman had been too shy to correct her. So she decided to keep mispronouncing her name just to see how long it would take Kara to develop the courage to confront her. And when that hadn't happened Cat had started calling her 'Kiera' just to see how far she could take it. Now it had become second nature to call her by the wrong name.

"I can appreciate why you thought you had to lie to me, so don't bother making excuses. But trust me, normally an employee who had gone to the lengths you have to deceive me would be cleaning out her desk right now. But in light these being extraordinarily circumstances and the fact that I am indebted to you for all these times you've saved my life, I will give you a chance to explain yourself and answer my questions before decided your future with Catco."

"Okay." Kara said, swallowing. "What did you want to ask me?"

"Let's start with that doppelganger you used to impersonate you. Was that Bizzaro?"

"No, I know another alien who can shape-shift."

"Was it the green alien that fought you when you were not yourself and going on a rampage." The news footage had shown the green alien change into the form of a large African American man, whom Cat was sure she had met before. Unfortunately, even with all the news coverage and amateur cellphone footage online, Cat had still not been able to find a clear view of the man's face to confirm that suspicion.

Kara cringed at the reminder of that day. "Yes."

"Your friend who is he, and where is he from?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't tell you anything about him."

"You are not convincing me you want to keep your job. I can't trust employees who keep everything a secret."

"I love my job and I don't want to lose it. But I can't tell you everything. First, I pretty sure it would be felony for me to tell you some of the things I know and I'm not going to tell you things that are not my secrets to tell. All you need to know about my friend is he's a good man, who's been protecting this planet a lot longer than I have. And I'm not going to reveal my cousin's identity either."

"Who said anything about your cousin?" Cat asked innocently, which caused Kara to give her a look that silently said, 'You know you were going to ask about him.'

She was far from done questioning Kara about the green alien, but she could see she was not going to get anywhere right then, so she decided to move on for the time being.

"Has your friend impersonated you any other times?"

"Just once, the day of the solar flares."

That explains a lot. Cat had attributed the strange behavior to her insistence that they keep their relationship strictly professional, but in hindsight it was easy to see that that Kara had been an impostor. "And where were you really?"

"I was incapacitated by an alien parasite."

Cat raised her brows. That's a new one. She wondered what kind of alien parasite would be powerful enough to incapacitated Supergirl. When she recovered from the shock of Kara's last statement, she said.

"If you ever have your friend impersonate you again, you're fired. He was a horrible assistant."

And don't think I was completely fooled by your little trick. While I admit when I first saw the two of you together, I was so shocked I set my suspicions about you aside, but only temporarily.

Ever since Bizarro, I've suspected that you might have deceived me. When Bizarro first appeared and saved those people in that car in such a sloppy manner, everyone was wondering what had gotten into Supergirl that she'd be so reckless, everyone except you. You knew immediately that Bizarro was an impostor. And I realized there might be a way for you to be in two places at once.

Then when Supergirl was affected by that mind altering substance and threaten me, your personally changed as well. And after Supergirl returned to normal, you spent days sulking around the office and couldn't bring yourself to look me in the eye. After that I was convinced I'd been right before."

"You never said anything."

"And if had, would you have admitted the truth?"

Kara's silence was her answer.

"And I didn't have a way to prove you were Supergirl, well short of testing your invulnerability, which could have turned into a huge lawsuit if I'd turned out to be wrong. So I kept my mouth shut. I knew if I waited long enough the truth would come out eventually."

"So now that everything is out in the open, what are you going to do?"

"Don't worry, I have no intention of telling the world your secret." Cat saw the tension Kara had been holding start to ease. "People will be far more interested in you if you remain somewhat of a mystery." Not to mention Cat did not want people to know she had initially been fooled so easily.

"And if the world knew my secret, that would put me and everyone I care about at risk."

"Which is another reason I plan on keeping this between us."

"What about my job, do I still have one or do you still plan to fire me like last time?"

"I was only going to do that because I didn't want the job to keep you from helping people who need you. However, that decision might have been a bit rash. You seemed to have found a way to juggle being my assistant and Supergirl, as long as you understand the people of this city come first and the job second."

"Always."

"Although I don't see how someone with your abilities could ever be satisfied with this mediocre job."

"Yeah, well, you're human." Kara muttered.

Then, seeing her boss' glare, she hastily added. "No, I don't mean that in a bad way. You can't understand because you belong on this planet. I don't, not really. But coming here everyday and having a life outside of being Supergirl helps me to understand what it means to be human. When I'm here, I feel like belong on this planet."

"Well, if it means that much to you I'm not going to take it away from you."

"Thank you."

More silence passed between them. Then Cat felt that they had had enough serious talk for one morning. "And speaking of coming to work you better go home and fix yourself up, your day starts soon and you look terrible. Even if you have been fighting a man with superpowers and pulling people out of a burning building, I still expect you to

look like a professional. Catco has an image to maintain."

Kara frowned. "I can't have the morning off, in light of everything that happened last night?"

"Now how would that look? I'm still going to be on time and as far everybody knows I was the only one of us who was involved with happened last night."

Kara sighed, but in her frustration, it sounded more like a groan.

"Could you at least start calling me by actual name, since you apparently know it?"

"Not yet, we wouldn't want anyone to question what changed between us for me to start calling you Kara. And calling you Kiera will be a tough habit to break, but when as Kara Danvers and not Supergirl, you give me a reason to remember your name then I will."

"I guess, I'll see you at work then." Kara said and prepared to fly off.

"Before you go, I have one more thing to say. So far you have proven to be the least incompetent assistant I've ever had, which really isn't saying much, but still the idea of having to train and break-in a new assistant is a nightmare that is only topped in terms of horror by an afternoon with my mother. So please, take that into consideration, and try not to get yourself killed fighting aliens and super-villains."

Kara smiled. "Is that your way of saying take care of myself, Ms. Grant?"

It was, but Cat was not about to admit how much she actually cared about the girl. Kara had a kind heart and a sunny disposition (a personality trait that Cat normally found incredibly annoying in most people, but for some reason she didn't mind it in Kara) and the alien had wormed her way into her boss' heart.

Cat rolled her eyes in response and said. "Uh, why do have to make everything so sentimental? You're the personification of a greeting card."

"I'll try to avoid getting killed, wouldn't want you to have to find a replacement. Goodbye, Ms. Grant."

"Don't forget my latte." She called, as the hero flew away. Then, in a much softer voice, knowing Kara would still hear her with her alien ears, she added. "Thanks Supergirl."

The End

End  
file.